Couſin, on wedneſday next our counſell we will hold
At windſor, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking of old ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſack, and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunn himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtars, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: & I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace; maieſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianaes* forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtris the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of golde moſt reſolutel
moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſ
lay by, & ſpent with crying, bri
the foote of the ladder, & by &
of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt
of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wen

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*
a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweet robe

Falſ. How now, how now
and thy quiddities? what a plag
kin?

Prince. Why what a poxe h
the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt ſaid h
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for the

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy d

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo fa
and where it would not, I haue

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that
thou art heire apparant. But I p
gallowes ſtanding in England w
on thus fubd as it is with the ruf
law: do not thou when thou a

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the I

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe alre
the hanging of the theeues, and

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſo
mor, as well as waiting in the C

Prince. For obtaining of ſut

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſut
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am
a lugd Beare.

Prince Or an old Lion, or a L

Falſ. Yea or the drone of a Li

Prince. What ſaieſt thou t